The young Gallants Tutor

Or, An Invitation to Mirth.

Here is an Antedote againſt all ſadneſs,
And a ſweet Motive unto joy and gladneſs,
For mirth doth to our lives ſuch pleaſure bring,
It makes us live as happy as a King,
From our fore fathers we this Maxime borrow,
An ounce of Mirth is worth a pound of Sorrow,

Tune of, *The Delights of the Bottle.* With Allowance,

AWay with the cauſes of riches and cares,
That poiſon our ſpirits & ſhorten our years
He that doth ſit muſing o'r ill gotten wealth
It pleaſeth his fancy but ruines his health,
Then periſh all fopps by ſobriety dull'd
while he that is merry reigns Prince of the world.

Mirth cheriſhe life in the old and the young,
nd makes every minute both ſhort and long,
'r he that's inclined to be ſober and ſad,
A thouſand to one but in time he'l grow mad,
Then periſh all fopps by ſobriety dull'd
While he that is merry reigns Prince of the worl

Ye that's but indued with one ſcruple of wit,
Can tell you that mirth like a Monarch doth ſit,
Inthron'd in a pallace of pleaſure and eaſe,
To welcome young Gallants and Ladies to pleaſ
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The life of Canary doth cherish our Souls,
Whilst that we carouse it in plentiful bouls
It fills us with courage both active and free,
And fits us for service in every degree,
Then perish all fopps by sobriety dull'd,
While he that is merry reigns Prince of the world

We keep Ladys company just when we please,
And Revel like princes in pleasure and ease
We pass the time merrily day after day,
And month after month till the year slides away
Then perish all fopps by sobriety dull'd
While he that is merry reigns prince of the world

The mighty god Cupid and Bacchus agree,
To crown with delight all the noble and free,
When Venus grows froward because shee's so fair
We then to the tents of great Baccus repair,
Then perish all fopps by sobriety dull'd
while he that is merry reigns Prince of the world.

With Love and good liquor our hearts we do cheer
Canary and Claret Cosk Ale and March beer,
If 'twere not for these we should have a dull sence
Of what shall betide us a hundred year hence,
Then perish all fopps by sobriety dull'd,
While he that is merry reigns prince of the world

The joyes of good fellowship keeps us alive,
The more we do fuddle the better we thrive,
To Frollick all day makes us sleep well at night,
Our stomachs are full though our heads may be light
Then perish all fopps by sobriety dull'd
While he that is merry reigns prince of the world

Flint Glasses and Bottles are pleasant to view
To see the wine sparkle and of a brisk hue,
Will tempt a dull miser as much as his gold
But that he's afraid to be poor when he's old,
Then perish all Fopps by sobriety dull'd,
While he that is merry reigns prince of the world

What strange opposition in nature we find,
That some all their life time to mirth are inclin'd
Whilest others sit moping and neds must confess
They have no injoyment of what they possess,
Then perish all Fopps by sobriety dull'd,
While he that is merry reigns prince of the world

The pleasant debauches of love are most sweet,
When passion and Guineyes with beauty we meet
But yet the good sack is of noble renown,
And pleases as well as the Wits of the Town,
Then perish all Fopps by sobriety dull'd,
while he that is merry reigns Princeof the world

Since Tipling and kissing doth now rule the roast
Of freedom and pleasure we bravely can boast,
Whilest the that is sullen and knows no delight,
Oppress is with sorrow by day and by night,
Then perish all Fopps by sobriety dull'd,
While he that is merry reigns Prince of the world

Then for to conclude since that mirth doth prevail
To mighty Sack bottle weel drink without fail,
Lets hug our delight that the health may go round
In which all our sorrows & cares we will drown
Then perish all Fopps by sobriety dull'd
While he that is merry reigns Prince of the world

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